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University News, April 1

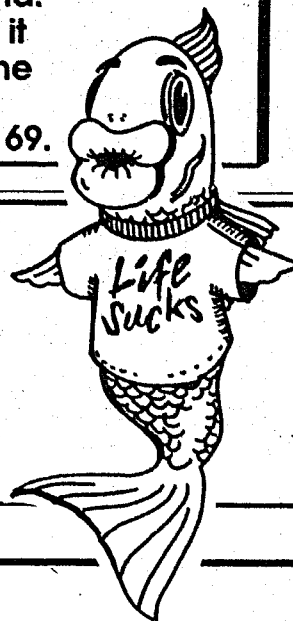
Students of Boise State University

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Some real cool literature for a change. Get a load of our tribute to the English language on page 100.

What do you get when you cross a penis and a potato? A Dictator. (Joke courtesy J.M.) See related story on page HB 625.

The final solution for parking tickets is at hand. Read all about it and get with the program! Page 69.



Carp and Sucker

We suck the bottom looking for news

Issue One Volume = Mass

Satanic cult sacrificing squirrels in Comm. Department scandal

by Biff Hubble
Editor, Carp and Sucker

In recent weeks, the communication department at BSU has been embroiled in a scandal which far surpasses any Watergate or Iran-Contra affair. Using advanced investigative reporting techniques, information was uncovered which implicates virtually every faculty member in the department. This investigation involved asking the hard questions: Who masterminded the squirrel massacre and what happened to the innocent victims of this tragedy?

Faculty awarded Research grants

A total of \$126.47 in research monies have been allocated to faculty members in the School of Social Science and Public Affairs for various research projects.

BSU Sociologist Rick Straker was awarded a grant worth \$35 by Miller Brewing Co. to study Polish immigrants in Milwaukee and assess which beer they prefer once they arrive in this country.

"Well, I was somewhat hesitant to accept a grant from a beer company, but they said this was valid academic research. Plus they threw in two sixpacks and a golf visor."

Straker said he would publish his findings in a beer trade journal. "I've got to. They're taking this Publish or Perish crap seriously," he said.

BSU Anthropologist Mac Papsmear was awarded a grant for \$22.16 to excavate a site behind the old Kentucky Fried Chicken store on Broadway.

"At first glance, it looks like a buried pile of chicken wings. But as hack academics, our obligation is to scientifically analyze the data. If it's just a pile of chicken wings, so be it," he said.

BSU History Professor Cindy Shankhill was awarded a grant for \$46.45 to compile the recipes of pioneer women incarcerated in the Idaho Women's prison.

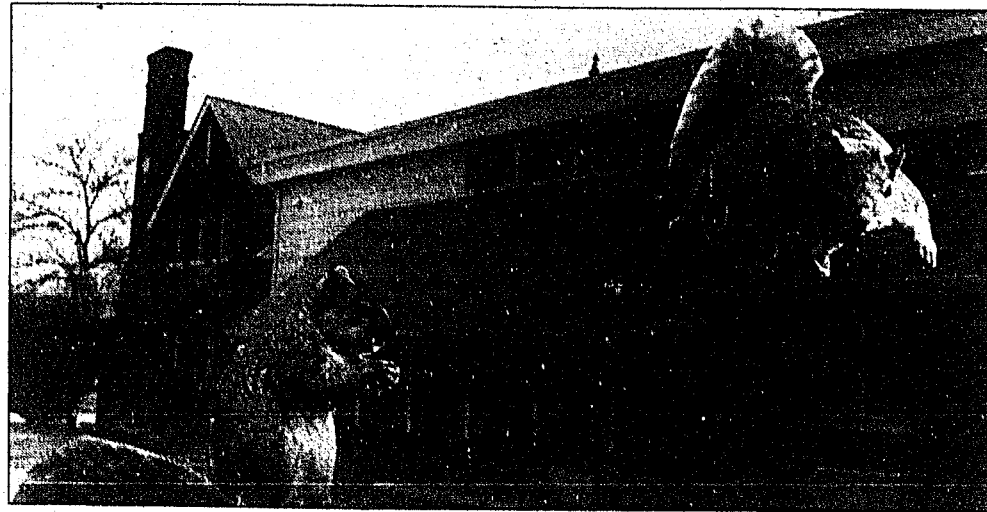
"My favorite recipe so far is a pineapple bundt cake. It was served with afternoon tea in the prison and, evidently, guessing from the way it was prepared, the women liked it very much. It was made from scratch and had a great consistency to it. It was very tasty, moist and..."

When this reporter interviewed the self-professed spiritual guru, Dan Morass, his only intelligible words, mumbled repeatedly "helter-skelter, helter-skelter."

Bob Boring, chair of the Communication Department, publicly denied any knowledge of squirrel abuse, but when asked what type of meat was stored in his freezer for the Faculty Appreciation Dinner, he demanded that an attorney be present.

The executive secretary of the department also denied any knowledge of the fatal phone call that lead directly to the infamous squirrel murders, but she could not explain an incriminating 18 minute gap in the wiretap that the Mass Comm students had installed.

Former communication student D. E. Bater, requested that this reporter investigate the type of fur used in Stu McCorkless' hat collection.



tion. The report from forensics is pending.

Another student, Mike Rofone, broadcast his concern that Bob Dudd's Birkenstocks were not constructed of cowhide. When confronted, Dr. Dudd simply made chuckling noises and small pawing motions with his hands.

In a more frightening develop-

ment, Theo Ree, a communication senior, reported seeing a man who looked suspiciously like Benny,

See "squirrels," page 69

ALLBS president to dump politics, get into rock

by Tree Light Greene
Editor, Carp and Sucker

You may have noticed ALLBS President Reilly O'Pat is sporting a new, longer look. "I decided since my term of office was almost complete, I could afford the, well, political ramifications of a change in image," he said.

"I don't know, maybe it was that head-butting I did with the damn ALLBS Senate, but during my term in office I have really developed an attitude — and this need to rock."



Reilly O'Pat says rock n' roll is here to stay, but he's not

"Yeah, right ... And later on monkeys are gonna fly out of my butt."

Wayne

O'Pat said after his term in office this April, he hopes to get more involved in the music business.

"Those Senate goons aren't hip

to this yet, but the real reason I want to get those rich, part-time students to pay a \$4 per semester fee to ALLBS is to bring some real rock

to campus."

"Senator Osterblow said this fee is just tax without representation, but hey, the part-time kids will get to rock, too."

"I want to prove that the ALLBS isn't tall yuppie, political hype. Heck, I think I'll do the Thompson Twins again in the Pavilion. If anything, it will prove ALLBS can finally get it right."

"I know Senate Pro-Tem Draig really questions the abilities and motives of the ALLBS executive branch, but hey, we Irish rockers can do just about anything we want you know."

President Keester jets off in F-4 Phantom

by Portnoy O'Hashi
Editor, Carp and Sucker

BSU President Jon Keester will now be able to jet to State Board of Education meetings in style thanks to the Idaho National Guard's donation of an F-4 Phantom fighter jet.

Adjunct General Darrel Manning made the announcement at a press conference this morning.

Manning said the green and grey jet will be on standby 24-hours a day at Gowen Field, fueled and ready to fly. The plane has already had the conventional blue and orange BSU logo painted on the tail.

Keester will ride backseat to 2nd Lt. Doug "the Snake Man" McDougall, Manning said. Keester has already had his moniker "the Prez." stenciled in gold metal-flake

paint on the side of the jet.

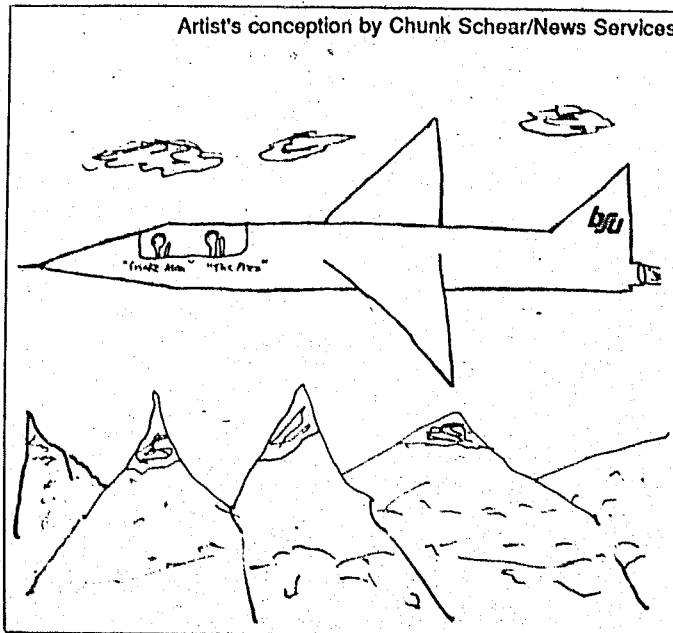
Previously, Keester had been flying to State Board meetings in a cramped single engine Cessna-150, which, he said, was a waste of valuable time.

"The Cessna was, ah, slow. Ah, it was frustrating and, ah, gave me gas, and the plane was so small I could, ah, vent neither my frustration nor my spleen."

The F-4 Phantom, a Vietnam-era attack jet used extensively against civilians during that protracted war, can fly at speeds around 500 mph which will allow Keester to "haul ass," Manning said. Flying time between Boise and ISU in Pocatello is expected to be around 25 minutes.

Keester said that when he becomes familiar with the jet, he hopes McDougall will let him "take the stick once in a while."

Artist's conception by Chunk Schear/News Services



Floaters and sinkers



"Is this all there is?"

Foreign business guys follow BSU president around awhile

by Roodney "hotrod" Johnson
Editor, Carp and Sucker

A delegation of Taiwanese businessmen were led on an informal tour of the BSU campus by BSU President Jon Keester last week.

The businessmen, representing several hi-tech manufacturing interests in Taiwan, were on campus as part of a program sponsored by the BSU foundation to attract financial gifts from foreign companies in exchange for product research and development.

The group toured the Varsity Center, where Keester showed the group \$2 million worth of "state-of-the-art" athletic equipment. Keester then took the group to the proposed site of a new 40,000 seat stadium, explaining that with the new stadium BSU would soon leave the Big Sky Conference for the NFL.

One source with the delegation said that the businessmen were more interested in touring the library than sports facilities, but that Keester insisted the group tour the sports medicine institute and try the whirl-

pool baths. Keester then took the group to the Pavilion where he attempted a number of shots from half-court and, sources said, laughed out loud when one of the visiting businessmen could not hit the rim from ten feet away and threw "air-balls."

At that point, sources said, the group insisted they be able to view the resources available in the library. Keester grudgingly led the group from the Pavilion across campus until they reached Capitol Boulevard where Keester asked his executive assistant John Frampton if "this is all there is?" Frampton was unable to give directions to the library but told the group he "would get back to them on that one."

Keester then led the group back across campus, but were unable to find the library and ended up in the old gym. Keester asked the businessmen if they wanted to "do flips on the trampoline."

When one member of the group became loud and vocal, insisting that they visit the library, sources said Keester looked "hurt ... and confused."

Squirrels

continued from front page

Parked on the February 4th airing of America's Most Wanted. An abnormally tall man with uncontrollable hair is wanted in Crystal City, Texas for similar squirrel-related atrocities.

When this reporter interviewed mild-mannered professor, Harvey Pierson, he listened carefully before paraphrasing my concerns. "You are saying that you wonder if I am involved in the mutilation murders of small animals? Well, I'm not prepared to admit anything, but don't let any animal under five feet near my vegetable garden."

Several of the other faculty, specifically Verl Dicks and Dave Sunburn, who specialize in Piscatorial Communication, have been implicated in tying fishing lures with the exceptionally fine hair from squirrel tails.

This reporter finds the fact that Peter Wolfman refuses to disclose

why he was asked to leave Canada highly questionable. Rumors that Wolfman refuses to show anyone his collection of photography because they include graphically suggestive squirrel poses have been unsubstantiated to date and should therefore not be repeated to anyone except maybe your best friend and one other person.

Animal rights activist, Fred Furball, questions what type of animal was used for the experiments to provide the make-up used by some of the female faculty members. When confronted, Dawn Drainer replied:

My game is nonverbal.

My make-up is herbal.

My kid's pets are gerbils.

Squirrel advocate, Barty Best, has been most distraught over the scandal. "I was a squirrel in a former life, and I feel obligated to feed them and not run over them in my car and to help them anyway I can. I've started a Squirrel support group

at my house on Wednesday nights at 7 p.m."

Janet Willing has been too busy to be more than partially responsible for the Communication Department atrocities, however, this reporter predicts that when her husband finds out about her Public Affairs, she will be involved in a scandal of her own.

Fearing that Ed McLuckless would want to debate situational ethics and quote extensively from the obscure German philosopher, Jurgen Habermas, this reporter does not get paid enough to suffer that particular form of psychological abuse.

And so, the scandal continues. Are Dean Dim and President Keester ultimately responsible for the actions of their underpaid minions? Tune in to Channel 2 Tuesday at 5 p.m. for a more indepth, sensitive exploration of the mentality of known squirrel killers.



Congratulations to Spanky Gumsock for submitting the winning ideal

The Student Union Board of Guvners is proud to announce the !!WINNER!! of the "Name Those Crazy Rooms in the New Student Union" Contest:

The Theme: Since the Student Union is a colossal rip-off, built at a cost of more than \$5 million while the library and other academically useful things languish, Spanky suggested that each room be named for a famous criminal. Our thanks to Spanky Gumsock for this fitting thematic idea and for the appropriate individuals who will be honored:

- | | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Jesse James | 2. Clyde Darrow | 3. Bonnie Parker |
| 4. Al "Scarface" Capone | 5. The Boston Strangler | 6. Ted Bundy |
| 7. Lizzie Borden | 8. Atilla the Hun | 9. Marquis de Sade |
| 10. A. Hitler | 11. Machiavelli | 12. Ronald Reagan |
| 13. The Dalton Gang | 14. John Dillinger | 15. Babyface Nelson |
| 16. Juan Carona | 17. Bird Man of Alcatraz | 18. Charlie Manson |

"We're mad as hell and we're not gonna take it anymore!" Parking tickets, schmarking tickets -- students take law into their own hands

by Gnat Villes
Editor, Carp and Sucker

A number of complaints have been filed against a parking control worker alleging mistreatment and abuse.

Roddy Piper, a math major, said that last Thursday, when he got out of class, he returned to his car in the Administration Building parking lot and found four parking tickets on his car and parking control officer Bruce Barabus in the process of writing a fifth.

"It was incredible. The meter had expired, sure, but I was only late by about ten minutes." When he confronted Barabus on the five tickets, Piper said Barabus became abusive.

"Here's this big guy wearing black leather riding boots with his pants tucked into them, a greasy denim vest with Secretary/Treasurer for some motorcycle club written on the front and he's also wearing a U-Boat captain's hat.

"I asked him what the five tickets were for and he just pointed at the expired meter—didn't say anything. When I said I didn't think it warranted five tickets, he became

really incensed. He got about three inches from my face and screamed, 'Deal with it, Bozo.' Then he let loose with this incredible belch right in my face, spraying me with spit. He had a lot of garlic for lunch, too."

Another complaint was filed by Sue Meisterbrew, who said that she was physically accosted by Barabus in the Liberal Arts Building parking lot.

"I saw him writing me a ticket so I ran over and pleaded with him to let me move my car. He just said something like 'life's a bitch, bitch.' I got really mad, and started arguing

"Huh?"

ALLBS v.p. Don Turke

"I was so mad, I was going to take a swing at him, but he pulls up his shirt and I see he's got a gun tucked into his waistband. I just got



From now on, everyone rip up your parking tickets and let's show these guys just who's boss!



with him. Then, and this was incredible, he grabbed my arm and blew his nose on the sleeve of my coat, leaving a number of large greenish boogers. It was so gross."

Benny Haiatagoochi was visiting campus and parked his car in a reserved spot, without having the necessary permit.

"I was only in the building for about five minutes. When I came out, there's a ticket on my windshield and this big guy is urinating into my gas tank. I said something like, 'What the hell are you doing?' He just continued whizzing into the gas tank, and then said something like he'd had a lot of coffee to drink and was 'way too far away from a bathroom and this is just watery coffee, anyway.'"

out of there and went to see parking administrator Bob Cybolt."

Cybolt said he received a handwritten letter from Haiatagoochi, but was not going to act on it.

"Bruce is the best we've got. He writes an incredible amount of tickets. He's our money machine—a regular day-and-night teller."

Ada Royal, BSU vice president for finance and affairs, said he had received a number of complaints as well, but didn't know what he could do about it.

"Remember, we're dealing with a bureaucracy here, and I could probably write some letters, but they would just sit on some asshole's desk. Nothing would get done, anyway, so why should I bother?"

Blue Piece of Idaho announced its newest campaign March 15

Donations are now being solicited for:

Help Blue Piece Save the Endangered Intellect of the ALLBS Senate

Gonorrhea

clap and cheer in celebration of literature . . .

RODNEY'S MADNESS

by Rew Porter

Nine-year-old Rodney was the epitome of evil; a bad seed. At six months, when he got his first teeth, he started to bite his mother while breast feeding just to see her shriek. The milk tasted better when mixed with blood, and he always slept a little more sound.

At four, Rodney tied his white Persian, Fluffy, down with twine and sticks and held a magnifying glass over the fur mats around her head, then waited for the mats to explode, which left a wicked burn on Fluffy's delicate skin.

He got a hold of some of his father's firecrackers and threw them into the bed that his mother and father shared; his mother was sure the earth moved when they exploded—Rodney's father suffered instant flaccidity and for years, this kept them from producing a sibling for Rodney.

One summer, when Rodney was away at church camp stuffing Fluffy's hair balls down the throats of the younger campers, his mother and father conceived a baby. When Rodney returned home, they told him the good news. Rodney longed for his happier biting days and felt contempt for the creature growing inside his mother.

On the day his mother and Krissy came home from the hospital, he knew the baby had ruined his life. As she slept, he stood over her crib and vowed he would make her pay.

One warm spring day, when Krissy was just old enough to walk, they were playing in the sandbox together. He could see into the open screen door from where he was sitting and noticed his mother was not in view. He looked at his sister as she happily threw sand this way and that. He loathed her. Evil oozed from his every pore.

On the ground next to him was a rock the size of a grapefruit. He touched it and the smoothness comforted him. It was just the right weight and it fit in his hand so perfectly it was as though it had been placed there by the devil.

He looked at his sister and cupped the rock. Just then, Krissy turned her back on Rodney as she reached for the big yellow bucket. Rodney raised the rock over his head and

Continued on page 17

I Whine

(The love-sick freshman deep poem with ironic rhyme scheme of: me, mine, thee, whine.)

I see you, you **DON'T** see me,
You, that four-star Bronco babe I wish were mine,
You, you vision, I dream of thee,
I do nothing -- I whine.

I see you, you **DO** see me,
You, that beauty you were, wishes you were mine,
The chase has come to an end, I no longer want thee,
I do nothing -- I whine.

I see you, now you are in love with me,
Aye, I wish it were your **roommate** that were mine,
I want to tell you, I am bored with thee,
I do nothing -- I whine.

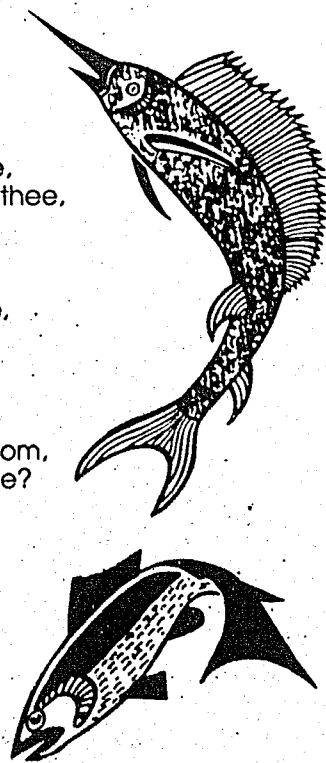
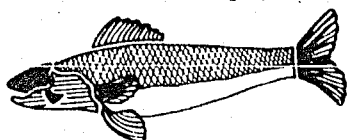
I see you, with **HIM**, you just dumped me! (Gaspl)
You, the only one my eyes did not ever wander from,
could you pleeeeeease once again be mine?
I wish I could beg, plead and pander to thee,
I do nothing -- I whine.

The vision you were to me,
When you were mine,
All that I meant to thee,
I do nothing -- I whine.

Now you spit on me,
I can't understand thee,
For you I must always pine,
I do nothing -- I whine.

The -sniff- END.

by Trixie-O's EX-Creep Boyfriend
(Take your pick of them)



Doornail

Doornail
Doornail
holding up a red pail.

P. Waddell

Ode to Elvis

(The semi-long-line writing style)
(With last-minute revision)



by Trixie O.

I fantasize as I gaze at your 8x10 black & white glossy on my wall,

I desire to caress you and run my fingers through your
rippling, dark, ducktail fall.

The faint smell of fresh fried chicken dances around your rippling body.

Take me, Elvis, I want to be your LOVE SLAVE.

The end.

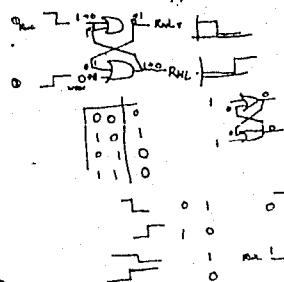
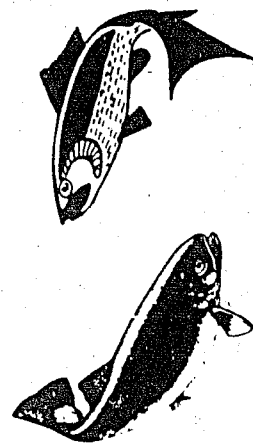
No Escape from Love

by Desiree Flounce

I remember that cold July
When you first sang a lullabye,
To me, all wretched, in despair,
Searching and looking, everywhere,
For something more or maybe less,
And with my pain and bald distress,

You had a tendency to regress,
Oh, but now it seems I digress,

The passion that we tried to suppress,
Flowed out our mouths w' out digest,
To help us on our sacred quest.



"Confidential"

Original art by Sporter

The Cliche that Binds

An original gothic romance by Barbie of the B-Bar-B

It was a dark and stormy night — a midnight dreary, if I do say so myself. Actually, it was the best of times and it was the worst of times. The best because I expected a visit from a tall, dark and handsome stranger. The worst because, frankly my dear, I don't give a damn for that type.

Well, I said to myself, I have nothing to fear but fear itself, when all at once I heard an anguished, masculine voice calling, "Stella! Stella."

I raced outside to head this trouble off at the pass, knowing that where there's smoke there's fire. "I shall return," I shouted over my shoulder. It was not a fit night out for man nor beast, but where there's a will there's a way.

"Stop or I'll shoot!" I called out in warning to the mysterious voice in the night, when all at once I fell

to the ground. At that point I didn't know if my encounter with the mysterious stranger was to be or not to be. But I knew I had not yet begun to fight.

All at once the mysterious voice whispered sensuously to me, "Rosebud," it said kindly. I was in great pain, but I have always depended upon the kindness of strangers, and this guy appeared to have malice toward none, and charity toward all. The muscles of his arms rippled as he swept me up in an embrace.

"Is that a roll of Certs in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?" I asked. By and by I grew bold and asked him to reveal his name.

"Call me Ishmael," he said tenderly.

"Why don't you come up and see me sometime?" I returned with equal tenderness.

That sealed the bargain. Reader, I married him!

Fish dates to remember



And now, Carp & Sucker Weekly is proud to present:

Dr. Ima Shore's Advice to the Student

Dr. Ima Shore appears courtesy of the BSU Health Services. She welcomes any and all questions regarding hygiene, health, hemorrhoids, hassles, halitosis, homeopathic medicine, heartbreak, horrible nightmares, and hysterectomies. Dr. Shore is sorry she cannot answer letters personally.

Dear Ima,

I'm a student at a large university in Boise and I have some personal questions that I'd like to ask. Since I am fairly popular and live in the dorm and am seen regularly at many functions, I can't very well ask someone I know about these things or sign my real name to this letter. I hope that this won't ruin my chances of getting a reply, however.

My boyfriend (I'll call him Al) and I started doing the nasty about three months ago. Al's a gentle and considerate lover—always inquisitive as to whether I'm finished or not and taking his time (unless he's in a hurry or something) and he's very clean. But he smells bad—really.

Anyway, my question is, should I be concerned? Is this contagious? Should I go to a doctor? And what about birth control?

Sincerely,
Dorm Doll

Dear Doll,

Yes, I'm afraid you must see a doctor. If, as you say, you are living in a dorm, then you probably have access to Health Services on campus. If not, you can probably get your father to pay for a visit to a private physician—especially if you tell him you've been seeing Al. Nevertheless, be careful. As for birth control, I'm prohibited from suggesting, recommending, enforcing,

or allowing the use of birth control of any kind by the BSU powers that be.

Dear Ima,

I've never written a letter to a paper before but something has gotten me a little riled lately and maybe you can suggest something that will help. You see, last Christmas, while visiting family back home, I met up with an old high-school boyfriend of mine that I haven't seen in ages.

Al (not his real name) is a good guy, really, but he drinks too much. I only saw him three or four times during the holidays but each time he was practically on his lips—drunker than a skunk. The last night we were together, I made the mistake of drinking a little too much myself—I suppose to make Al feel better—and woke up in the basement family room of Al's parent's house wearing nothing but a beer bottle label.

Embarrassed? You bet! But the worst part is I realized I smelled like Brut, the men's cologne. But that's just part of it: The problem is, I still smell like Brut. No matter what I do, the scent remains—like a bad aura. I've tried everything. Is there anything you can recommend? I'd go to a doctor but I'm so embarrassed. Sign me...

The Nose Knows in ID.

Dear Nose,

Unfortunately, the only thing I can tell you, besides the obvious don't sleep with drunks, is go to a doctor. Even a doctor of psychology would help. You may be suffering from what some professionals refer to as "Guilt Scent" or obsessive/compulsive body odor. People who have associated the smell of a negative scene or action with the guilt that sometimes goes along with that particular action will often experience the inability to rid themselves of that particular odor.

For example, a man who, for one reason or another, decides to drink himself into oblivion and then wallows around in his own sick can sometimes carry that scent around for days—weeks sometimes—simply because of the guilt associated with the act. Although his is rare (and extremely nauseating), the fact is that only a professional trained in such matters will be of any benefit. Thanks for writing and keep me up to date on your...problem.

Feb. 29

Jesus and Satan to square off in a debate over the meaning of life and the role rock music plays in our history, 7 p.m., Big 666 Room. Bring your own fire and brimstone extinguisher.

BSU President Jon Keester leads a book discussion on "Everything I needed to know, I learned in Kindergarten," noon, Big 4 Room. Keester has sent a memo to all BSU faculty requesting students not be punished for missing class to attend this important function. (Just because you are excused kids, no skiing!)

Tim Trotsky reads from the works of his favorite poet Rod McKuen for the Every Other Geek lunchtime program, time and location tba.

Feb. 30

George Bush will speak at the Capital High School Planetarium. His topic will be "A Thousand Points of Light." Autograph session will follow. Bring your own popcorn. Astronomy professor extraordinaire Dr. Omega X1987A Alan will interpret.

Feb. 31

Jim McQuagmire leads the Annual BSU Book Burning Party in the Quad. Students are requested to bring their own copy of *Huck Finn*. For an encore, the BSU Library will burn copies of

periodicals and books they just don't think are valuable anymore, like those obnoxious linguistics dealy-bobs.

Feb. 32

The BSU Survey Research Center begins their poll on "If You Had a First-Aid Kit, Would You Carry a Condom in it?" and other more important things than how many Idahoans really care about those boring, old constitutional rights.

U2, Elvis and Buddy Holly play the BSU Pavilion. Students, being the ones who paid for the Pavilion, get a huge discount on admission (no piddly \$1 crap here, folks) and over half of the seats will be reserved for BSU students.

Student Union Director Greg Blase speaks on "Why you will like the New, Renovated Student Union, and if not, we really don't care, you gotta pay for it anyway, Hal Hal Hal and I'm gonna get a real neat office out of the deal," 7:30 a.m., Look Out! Room.

Feb. 33

The Male Professors Demand Respect Group hold their monthly meeting on "Women Who Hate Women and the Men Who Hate Them." This week's "Sharing Hour" subject will deal with Menses Mania and good hotels to check into for the week, good hiding places on campus, and how to get your

share of the Oreo cookies. Also, the male members of the history department bring forth their proposal for revolution to regain control of their department lost to that funky women's history, as after all, history is man made. Bring original ideas to Sharing Hour.

Archeology professor Mac Papsmear and Idaho Rep. Emerson Schmuck will debate about God knows what, in the Big 4 Room, 9 p.m. After the debate, the two will switch identities and re-assume their real selves later on in the Innertube Bar.

The BSU Right to Guns club will meet in the Big 4 room, 9 p.m. Subject will be "Phasers: How to know if you need to set them for stun or fry." BSU Security police officer Sgt. Studsworth will be the featured speaker. Free pistol, rifle and coat check service will be provided at the door.

Feb. 34

Students are reminded that it is the season to begin wearing the galoshes to campus as the annual Physical Plant lawn floodings are scheduled to begin next week. So, don't forget your rubbers.

The BSU anti-wellness fair will be conducted today in the Student Union.

Women to be burned in effigy by cigar smokers

by Lucinda
Editor, Carp and Sucker

A group of male professors are organizing programs for a male history month celebration at BSU.

"We just think it is about time we got recognized for some of our contributions, too," said the professors, calling themselves "History is Man Made And Don't You Little Mealy-Mouth Pandering Female Students Ever Forget It," in a recent press release.

"The gals are doing a fine job, but men are our nation's heroes. And we think society is in danger of

forgetting such. Some professors on campus are telling students that the women's movement was a big deal in history. The question we're asking is what women's movement?"

"We don't understand the need for all this gender balance baloney. Does this mean we'll have to re-write the lecture notes we have been using for the last couple of decades? Well, it's just not in our job descriptions," the release continued.

The release also said the English professors are particularly upset at the fact that women's literature is being heralded on the BSU campus as worthwhile reading.

Nothing beats Rod McKuen or Norman Mailer, and frankly are (sic) students are reading so much of this women's touchy-feely stuff they don't have time for these classics.

The group also announced their plans for a new men's club on campus. "The girls are getting closer and closer to bullying the administration into giving them that outdated '60's type women's center. It only seems fair that we should have a place on campus to play pool and smoke cigars, belch really, really loudly, and do male bonding type stuff."

Cut the crap on old bicycles

We are sick and tired of hearing all the time about reusing old bicycles. Isn't there something more captivating on the minds of the American public than "re-cycling"? What about all those old Volkswagons people are using for sand dune buggies? We think that's insulting enough.

Feminist monarchy schmears reputation of otherwise sort of OK newspaper

by Fanda Handa
Laboratory monitor, Carp and Sucker

A recent student poll has revealed the dramatic drop-off of readership to *The University News* has been, in part, due to the multitude of mistakes which frequently mar the weekly tabloid. Apparently, after weeks of issues filled with notorious spelling blunders such as the headline from the January 20 issue which read "Teach Your Dog to Felch" and the many references to work being done on the new "Amptitheatre," readers are hesitating to pick up the paper—even to use it as cat box liner.

Senior Editor, RoseMarie Hardon, was quick to defend the paper. "I've worked damn hard to get this paper to where it is today. Both Bob E. (Assistant Senior Editor) and I have tried to get this paper read-

You wouldn't believe the time I commit to working on the paper. Even though I was recently married in Hawaii—on the beach at sunset—it was so romantic!—I'm still always there at the newspaper office generally Friday night and early Saturday morning—and, for an accidental hygienist like me, that's a lot of time."

Ms. Hardon had her share of stress dealing with *The University News* even before its first issue went to print. "It's tough to compete with last year's editorship. They were professionals running a fully stapled paper. We're amateurs and there are only four of down here doing any work."

Bob E. was quick to add that she hasn't seen anyone actually writing news copy. "It's almost as if the stories write themselves..." she noted mysteriously. "And besides, after last year's award win-



RoseMarie Hardon and Bob E., amateurish, undisciplined bitches who can't even spell.

ning newsteem, we were afraid that people would burn (*The University News*) this year on sight. You don't realize what kind of pressure that can put on a person..."

Since no one is quite sure what *The University News* is all about, having never read a copy through, students and faculty alike are curious about the paper's future. Faculty advisor Dan Moreass is hopeful. "Oh, we've had our share of problems, but it's not that dire of a

strait. I'm sure we can do something. I've had an idea or two for some time bumping around in my little head and after reading the *Meridian Beefer* (a local high school newspaper), I think we can do just as good a job with our paper. Problems in the past have arisen out of a lack of trained advisors to the paper but I'm sure we can rectify that little headache."

Moreass continued, "One bright, yellow spot in this tunnel of

despair is film reviewer Sniff Wall. He's great! He's one reviewer that can always be trusted. There's never been a film made that he didn't like—a lot!"

Unfortunately, it was discovered at press time that Mr. Wall had been fired from working at *The University News*. Ms. Hardon was overheard swearing that that's the last time she'll "ever hire another albino waiter to work on this paper!"